

There being no objection, the list was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

LOUISIANA GIRLS

Jillian Willard, Tricia Boh, Caitlin LeBlanc, Kristin Scianna, Brooke Holmes, Katherine Klimitas, Adriana Klimitas, Ashlyn Wink, Rebecca Wink.

GIRL SCOUTS—TROOP 4062

Vicki Faling, Savannah Jameson, India Teal, Daniella Harvey, Skye Dantzler, Sabina Tarnowka, Danielle Flynn, Sharae Hughley, Casey Beasley, Maeve Wiegand, Blaire Laney, Sybil Bullock, Moredia Akwara, Samantha Snow Marsh, Clara Wiegand, Lakisha Campbell.

Troop leader: Sandy Lelan.

Assistant troop leader: Connie Jameson.

Mothers of Girl Scouts: Carrie Campbell, Mary Ann Snow.

THE ROLE OF TELEVISION

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I want to take a few minutes to discuss an issue that I have addressed several times before on this floor—that is, the role of television in the lives of the American people. Today's television would have you believe that the television program "How to Marry a Millionaire" is a guide on how to find the perfect mate; that "Temptation Island" is a guide to stable relationships; that Al Bundy is a paragon of parental nurturing, while his wife, Peg Bundy is reflective of virtuous American womanhood; that "Who Wants To Be a Millionaire?" is educational television.

I am ashamed and embarrassed that according to a survey by the Annenberg Public Policy Center at the University of Pennsylvania, 70 percent of the parents surveyed regard "Who Wants To Be a Millionaire?" as educational television.

I regret to say that the sorry state of television is becoming the sorry state of America: 59 percent of Americans can name the three Stooges, but only 17 percent of the American people can name three Supreme Court Justices; only about 50 percent of the American people could identify the Vice President of the United States, but 95 percent could identify Homer, Bart, and Marge Simpson.

Three years ago, I came to this floor to express my shock and utter amazement at the details of a story in *Time* magazine entitled, "Everything Your Children Already Know About Sex." The story told how our children are learning their sexual values from television programs like "Dawson's Creek," which boasted of a character who lost her virginity at the age of 12 while drunk. There was "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" in which a male vampire turned bad after having sex with 17-year-old Buffy.

"Why are we letting our kids watch this morally degrading, thoroughly demeaning, junk on the airwaves?" I asked.

But from that low point, television has only continued to degenerate. It seems that many television programs are busily intent on answering the

question, "how low can you go?" with the fare that they put before us.

The land, the society, the country that once produced the works of James Fenimore Cooper, Herman Melville, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, now gives us the works of Howard Stern and Jerry Springer. No wonder the late Steve Allen, a pioneer in the television industry, complained that television had become a "moral sewer."

When I think of television today, I seriously wonder whether Charles Darwin's theory of evolution is being stood on its head by popular culture. Evolution implies progress. Going from the musical accomplishments of Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart to the groans and moans of HBO's "Sex in the City" is anything but progress.

By the age of 18, the average American child will have viewed about 200,000 acts of violence on television. Before that child leaves elementary school, that child will have watched, on the average, about 20,000 murders and more than 80,000 other assaults. This means that during their most formative years, our children will witness approximately 100,000 acts of violence.

But the problem with television is more than the content of the programs alone. It is the nature of the beast—or should I say, the nature of the boob tube. There are 102 million TV homes in the USA; 42 percent of them have three or more sets. The average American spends four hours of each day—that amounts to two full months of each year—staring at the boob tube. Forty percent of the American people stare at the boob tube even while eating.

The negative impact of too much television is becoming more and more apparent as more and more studies have demonstrated: the link between television violence and real violence; the link between television and increasing obesity among young people; the link between television and declining interest in the fine arts; the link between television viewing and low academic performance. To put it bluntly, Mr. President, television is helping to create a morally irresponsible, overweight, lazy, violent, and ill-informed society.

Mr. President, this week, April 23–29, is national "TV Turnoff Week." Turn it off! Let's have more turnoff weeks; make it 52 weeks of the year, national "TV Turnoff Week." This is an effort sponsored by the TV-Turnoff Network, a grass-roots organization that has organized thousands of schools, clubs, community organizations, and religious groups to get the American people to turn off or limit their television viewing for one week to discover that there is actually life beyond the boob tube. The group has won the support and endorsements of dozens of powerful organizations, such as the American Medical Association. They have certainly won my support and my hearty endorsement. Hallelujah! Turn off that TV.

The organization's motto is, "Turn off TV. Turn on life." Their point is well taken. Life should be more rewarding and interesting than sitting in front of a box and becoming mesmerized with morally degrading, mind-numbing nonsense. That is what it is.

Instead of sitting in front of the television for 4 hours a day, get some exercise! Get out-of-doors. Go for a walk, a hike, a bike ride, or swim. It will be far better for your health.

Instead of sitting in front of the television for 4 hours a day, read a good book! Read Emerson's *Essays*, Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," read history, read the Bible, read Milton's "Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained." Read "Robinson Crusoe." Read something that is worth reading. I ask, which will make one a better person, spending hours watching "Survivor," "Big Brother," and "The Weakest Link," or using the time to read a great literary work by Shakespeare, Dickens, or Goethe. Groucho Marx said that he found television to be very educational because, "Every time somebody turns on a set, I go into the other room and read a book." I like that. I say, "be like Groucho." Let's have more Groucho's. Simply turn off the television set and read a good book.

Instead of sitting in front of the television for 4 hours a day, spend some time with the family. Family members can use the opportunity to take a trip together to the local museum or art gallery, or simply talk to each other during dinner. Make your family the center of home life, not the television set. Studies by professor Barbara Brock at Eastern Washington University found that in TV-free families, parents have about an hour of meaningful conversation with their children every day, compared with the national average of 38 minutes a week. Here would be an opportunity for parents to emphasize their values—not Hollywood's—to their most precious asset—their children.

I don't want to leave the impression that all television is bad. I have seen some very educational, very informative, very uplifting, very good pictures, shows, and plays on television. There is much programming that is truly educational. I have been to one movie since I have been in Washington. I have been in Washington now 49 years. I have been to one movie. I left that movie. I didn't stay and watch it through. I became bored and I walked out. Yul Brynner was, I think, the main player in that movie. I walked out. But just within the last few weeks, I watched a picture in which Yul Brynner played. I believe it was—I am trying to remember now. I have watched some good pictures recently. I watched "The Ten Commandments," which was a good picture. That may have been it. Yul Brynner plays in it and I liked him in it. He played well. So I don't want to leave the impression that all television is bad. I think that C-Span, PBS, and the History Channel

provide worthwhile viewing to the audience. I also believe that programming like Ken Burns's series on the Civil War is quality programming that expands our knowledge and deepens understanding.

But I do want to emphatically stress that there is much more to life than the boring, degrading, demeaning fare on the boob tube. I urge the American people to use this week to break your addiction to television. Just say no! As the TV-Turnoff Network urges, "turn off TV, turn on life."

In addition to becoming healthier, both mentally and physically, one might be able to name three Justices on the Supreme Court.

One might even be able to name the Vice President of the United States.

Mr. President, I applaud the efforts of the TV-Turnoff Network and urge them to keep up the good work. And I urge my colleagues and the American people to participate in national "TV Turnoff Week."

Mr. President, I have another statement I want to make. But I am very conscious of the fact that my favorite U.S. Senator on this side of the aisle has been on the floor waiting. I am very willing to set aside my speech and listen to my colleague before I proceed further.

(Mr. ENZI assumed the chair.)

Mr. KENNEDY. If the Senator will yield, I thank the Senator from West Virginia, who is typically courteous, as always. I am very grateful for his thoughtfulness. I welcome the opportunity to continue to listen to his very fine statements. There are many important things that are happening in the Nation's Capitol and around this country today, but I think if the American people will pause and listen to the good advice of my friend and colleague about the importance of reading as opposed to television, in his excellent presentation, I think this would be a wiser and more thoughtful country. I commend the Senator for his statement and the subject matter. I look forward to continue listening.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I thank my colleague. But I want to give him a second chance. I want to give my friend a second chance. I want to warn him that this is poetry month. I am all ready to talk about poetry, and I am ready to at least render my memorization of at least 8 or 10 or 12 poems. So I will give my colleague one more chance. If he would like to make his speech now before I start, I would be happy to yield.

Mr. KENNEDY. The Senator may be even more reluctant to interfere. We have a good prospect of listening to him quote poetry. All of us are enormously impressed that when the Senator travels back to West Virginia, he takes time to learn and to memorize poems. As a result of that experience, and a very long and distinguished career in the Senate, he has an enormous reservoir of knowledge of poetry and an incredible encyclopedic memory for poetry that always seems to be right for

every special occasion. I look forward to hearing some of those this afternoon.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I thank Senator KENNEDY. I really have enjoyed my long service with the distinguished senior Senator from Massachusetts. I have learned a great deal from him, and I prize that friendship.

Mr. KENNEDY. If the Senator will yield, does the Senator intend to mention that wonderful poem about the ambulance in the valley? That was always one of my favorites. I don't know whether the Senator planned to include that.

Mr. BYRD. I did not plan to include it, but I will be happy to try to do that.

Mr. KENNEDY. I thank the Senator.

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Senator. That is very thoughtful of him and very good of him. I appreciate his interest in that particular poem, among others. Let's do it this way. I will make my speech and do the poems that I have included, and then I will give the Senator a chance to make his speech, and if he is still interested in my giving that poem, I will be happy to, or I will be happy to wait until another day.

Mr. KENNEDY. I thank the Senator.

A CELEBRATION OF POETRY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, this is entitled "Looking Up At Him":

I asked the robin, as he sprang
From branch to branch and sweetly sang,
What made his breast so round and red;
Twas "looking at the sun," he said;
I asked the violets, sweet and blue,
Sparkling in the morning dew,
Whence came their colors, then so shy;
They answered, "looking to the sky";
I saw the roses, one by one,
Unfold their petals to the sun,
I asked them what made their tints so bright,
They answered, "looking to the light";
I asked the thrush, whose silvery note
Came like a song from angel's throat,
Why he sang in the twilight dim;
He answered, "looking up at Him."

Mr. President, this month, our nation recognizes National Poetry Month, a celebration of poetry and its place in American society. Like spring, poetry offers man a rebirth of his inner spirit. Poetry expresses our humanity, and, through meter, makes music of the spoken world as it rhythmically sways and floats through our imaginations. It is the laughter of children, the gentle rustle of an autumn breeze, and the pitter-patter of a sun shower. Poetry, simply put, is beauty defined.

Man comes a pilgrim of the universe,
Out of the mystery that was before
The world, out of the wonder of old stars.
Far roads have felt his feet, forgotten wells
Have glassed his beauty bending down to drink.

At altar-fires anterior to Earth
His soul was lighted, and it will burn on
After the suns have wasted on the void.
His feet have felt the pressure of old worlds,
And are to tread on others yet unnamed—
Worlds sleeping yet in some new dream of God.

Whether constructed with long cadenced lines or intricate stanzas, con-

ventional or openhanded sonnetry, light quatrains or heavy ballads, or the age-old epic yarns of Homer and Virgil, the power of poetry surrounds us. It tells of love, of death, of things temporal or spiritual, and of the hereafter. It speaks of the most common of occurrences and the most revealing of emotions, and it flows like a symphony, its meter enhancing the expressiveness of its words. These virtues can be seen in Alfred Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And my there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home,
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

I have often found that a good poet helps me to examine my inner self through the poet's use of words, meter, and rhyme. Such poets enable their readers to look within and to confront their own vexations and perplexities, and then sort out the wheat from the chaff and deal with the inevitable dilemmas of life. An example of this can be seen in Robert Frost's ageless masterpiece, "The Road Not Taken":

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Frost's words sing, and at the same time, as I reflect on his deft metaphor for the choices we all make in our lives, they burn in my mind. For 83 years I have encountered diverging roads, some in the beautiful woods of West Virginia and many here in this Chamber. The choices that I have made at these crossroads have, in fact, made all the difference.

Speaking of roads, there are many bridges also that we have to cross in this great country of ours. It brings to my mind a poem by Will Dromgoole. One might think this is a man who wrote this poem—Will Dromgoole, but it is a female author:

An old man going a lone highway
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and wide and steep,